

# WAR CRY



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE [ SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA ] NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

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WILLIAM BOOTH,  
General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.

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## THE TRUANT BUOY

"I sink with the ebb and rise with the tide,  
Around my circle perpetually glide;  
For my foot in the rock securely cemented,  
Has all past endeavors of escape prevented;  
But the storm, I feel, has loosened my socket,  
And with the next wave I shall spring like a rocket,  
Up from my prison. Now a tug to the lee—  
Another pull—there! thank Heaven, I'm free!"

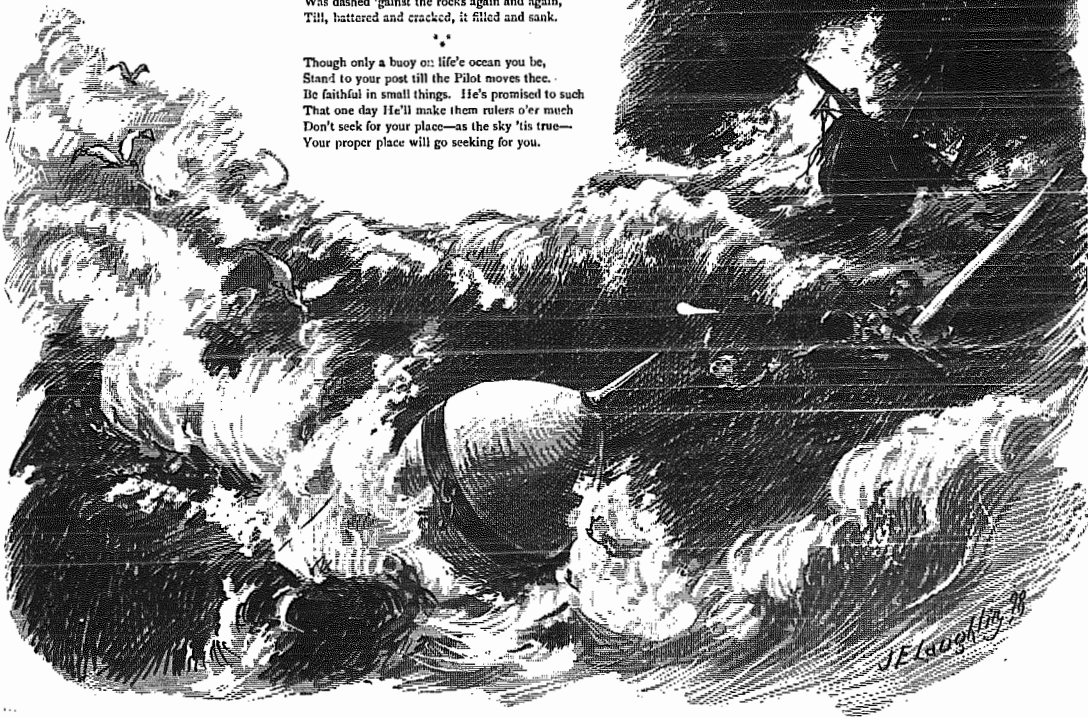
So speaking, a brightly painted buoy  
Flung itself toward the wide ocean with joy.  
"Oh! this is freedom!—I can go where I wish;  
I can float with the billows and play with the fish."

Soon the tide returned. Each foam-mounted wave  
Drove back our buoy, though it struggled brave  
Against their force, which landward it lifted.  
Just as it past its old mooring drifted

It noticed a ship—stiff blew the gale—  
The buoy saw the danger, and, turning pale,  
Entreated the waves to be returned  
To its post of duty. The billows spurned  
With brutal laughter the prayer of the buoy,  
Still driving it shoreward with fiendish joy.

The buoy was sighted by the ship,  
Which never before had made this trip.  
It kept the distance the guide-book directed,  
Seaward the buoy, no danger suspected.  
So it struck the reef by the buoy marked so long—  
The steamer shook like a giant strong  
Whom the piercing sword dealt the deathly blow.  
Wild hissed the breakers—the vessel sank low—  
And praying women and cursing men  
Went down to death—three score and ten.  
But the truant buoy, trembling with anguish and  
pain,  
Was dashed 'gainst the rocks again and again,  
Till, battered and cracked, it filled and sank.

Though only a buoy on life's ocean you be,  
Stand to your post till the Pilot moves thee.  
Be faithful in small things. He's promised to such  
That one day He'll make them rulers o'er much  
Don't seek for your place—as the sky 'tis true—  
Your proper place will go seeking for you.



## HELPS FOR J. S. WORKERS.

## SAMUEL'S INTEGRITY.

I Samuel xii. 1-25.

**I**NTEGRITY is a long word, and its meaning will be better explained by the words "honesty" and "uprightness."

Samuel's Uprightness.

It was in no boasting spirit that Samuel declared the uprightness of his dealings with the Children of Israel. His was a wonderful testimony to be able to give—no unjust debt, no unkind oppression, nothing unfaithful in warning or reproof. And the people who had, as Samuel said, known him all the days of his life, from very childhood, were able to answer as with one voice, that the declaration was altogether true. How blest a people to have such a leader given them by God.

He Shows God's Former Dealings.

But Samuel did not stop when he had declared his own faithfulness. He led the people quickly back through the long years of pilgrimage, to show them that whoever had been their earthly leader it had been the Lord Himself who had been their Guide and Protector. He showed them how the Lord had been with them, and then with his usual faithfulness he brought them up to the sin of their day—this last murmur for a king, when the Lord of Hosts was their King.

A Chance of Better Things.

Samuel showed them, however, that in the abundant mercy of God, that although they had done so wrong, that they might yet please the Lord and be happy and prosperous. If they did well, both they and their king should do well, for if not the Lord would be against them, as He had often had to be for a time against their wavering forefathers. The way to true prosperity was by obedience to God, and righteousness lived before Him.

God's Seal to Samuel's Sermon.

The Lord gave Samuel a sign that what he said was true, and performed a miracle as a seal to His truth, of which Samuel was but the mouthpiece. Thunder in harvest time was a very terrible and unusual thing, and the Children of Israel were terrified into contrition. They saw their wrong. It is always a good thing when children see their wrong, but it is even better to acknowledge and confess it, because then it shall be forgiven.

Samuel Comforts the People.

Then Samuel, when he saw their true sorrow, comforted them. What a deep heart of love the Prophet had, despite the sad truths he had to speak, and when the people's conduct demanded the judgment of God. His tender words sound very different to his stern utterances but a short while before. He assures them that his own prayers shall not cease to be offered on their behalf, and that he will do all in his power to teach and guide them. What a different spirit Samuel might have showed had he been selfish and refused to have anything more to do with the people because he was no longer their only earthly ruler! But his faithfulness does not decrease, and, while he reminds them of the love and care of God for them, he adds a word of caution for them to take care that they did not displease Him again. How truly is sin the cause of sorrow, no matter how little the wrong may appear to be, it always carries with it bitterness, darkness, and if not forgiven, death. God's interest in and love for those who serve Him never changes. Jesus said not even a sparrow shall fall to the ground without His notice. Let us love, serve and trust our Heavenly Father more and more.

## QUESTIONS.

1. What does integrity mean?
2. What wonderful testimony did Samuel give?
3. Why were the people specially able to judge whether all he said was true?
4. What lesson did Samuel teach the Children of Israel from God's former dealings with them?
5. What was the miracle which God sent as a seal upon Samuel's words?
6. What change took place in the people's manner when he saw the people really sorry?

## MEMORY TEXT.

"Serve the Lord with all your heart."

No eye but thine may see;  
Oh, hear my cry for succor,  
Come thou, and fight for me!  
The yearning of the earth-life  
Is stronger than my strength;  
When may the spell be broken,  
And freedom come at length?  
"Thy strength is all in leaning  
On One who fights for thee."  
Thine is the helpless clinging,  
And mine the victory."  
—Hetty Bowman.



By ARTHUR BOOTH-OLIBORN, Commissioner.

PART I.

## HOLINESS: WHAT IT IS.

I.

## The Passion of the Stars and Planets.

**G**REAT stars of light, great worlds of space,  
Who ever move at awful pace  
Through night's deep black and day's  
fair blue,  
Can we no lesson learn from you?  
What is your secret? Say, oh, say,  
What madding passion you obey!

II.

## The Peace and Speed and Power of Faith which Worketh by Love.

**N**O home, no hearth, no rest have ye,  
And yet ye roll so peacefully;  
Bearing away through heav'n's abyss

Your green fields bathed in peacefulness.  
So can my soul, with upward sweep,  
Scrub its inward landscapes keep.

You walk the ether of the skies  
Like Apostolic Majesties:  
You never tremble, but or shrink;  
You never doubt, or fear, or sink.  
So can my soul, by faith set free,  
The "waters" walk, O God, with Thee.

Afloat aloft, of sight deprived,  
Without support from "earth" derived,  
With naught to aid you in your course,  
Yet have ye a stupendous force:  
So can my soul, without one stay,  
Be strong in God, for man, each day.

An awful silence round you reigns;  
No voice, no sound, no cheering strains  
Are wafted o'er that desert dear:  
No zephyr whispers, "God is near."  
Thus, dead to feeling, dead to sound,  
In faith, by love, I'm onward bound.

Progress is your imperious law,  
Forward! ye go unchecked by awe,  
Though reckless seems to "earth" your flight  
Through unknown regions of the night.

Thus marches faith for evermore  
Toward "the unseen" which lies before.

And while in God my firmament,  
My all nascent environment,  
I onward speed, oh, thought sublime—  
Like you I keep appointed time  
Each day, each hour, in His sweet will;  
Thus love shall all His law fulfil.

III.

## Consider the Planets.

**C**ONSIDER us," you seem to say,  
"We toil not, strive not—we obey."  
We take no thought, but yield our all  
At some great power's mysterious call.  
And thus by full surrender, I  
Unite with God my destiny.

IV.

## The Boundless, Unfathomable, and Infinite Character of Love.

**T**HAT passion which devours you,  
As you devour that word of blue,  
Or through the wilderness of night  
Ever pursue your lone light,  
How like the passion of my soul  
Which has the Living God for goal!

You seem to wish to fathom space;  
You sink and sink in its embrace,  
As if its very depth to sound,  
Or measure to its utmost bound;  
You have no dial time to keep;  
"Tis boundless as the grace of God.

Yet naught can cure your craving's pain;  
Ye drink up space and drink again;  
And naught can stop you in your quest  
Of deeper depths of loss and rest.  
So my soul hungers, at all cost,  
To sink in God and thus be lost.

V.

## Love is Careful for Nothing.

**T**HERE is no South, there is no North  
Where ye go ever sailing forth;  
You have no compass on that deep,  
You have no dial time to keep;  
Thus God alone is longitude  
For my soul's bark—and latitude.

Though sailing ever on—away . . .  
Your trackless path is new each day;  
You never, never pass again  
The same spot on that mighty main.

## TRIOLETS

Flicked in Bunches for Use on Various Occasions.

## IN SICKNESS.

Remember Christ can heal.  
Have patience to lie still in bed.  
Have sense, if you have a doctor,  
to follow his advice.

## IN HEALTH.

Take physical exercise.  
Be sensible in your diet.  
Wear seasonable clothing.

## IN POVERTY.

Practice economy.  
Work hard.  
Have faith in God.

## IN WEALTH.

Remember you are God's steward.  
Give judiciously and freely.  
Seek after humility.

## IN DISCOURAGEMENT.

Remember Gethsemane with its  
bloody sweat.  
Picture Calvary's bleeding sacrifice.

Look for the Pentecostal fire.

## IN SUCCESS.

In all things give thanks.  
Use the fruits of your success  
wisely.  
Remain humble, giving God the  
glory.

Blaming others is a poor way to  
justify yourself.

## EYELETS

ARRANGED IN PAIRS.

"The eyes of the Lord run to and fro  
throughout the whole earth to show  
Himself strong in the behalf of them  
whose hearts are perfect toward  
Him."

"And when the woman saw that the  
tree was good for food and that it was  
pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be  
desired to make one wise, she took  
of the fruit thereof."

"A gift doth blind the eyes of the wise,  
and pervert the words of the right-  
eous."

"He kept him (Jacob) as the apple of  
His eye."

"O King, the eyes of all Israel are upon  
Thee."

David prayed to God "That Thine eyes  
may be open towards this house night  
and day."

Do your eyes run to and fro throughout  
the day to show yourself strong on  
the Lord's behalf?

Do your eyes look longingly at the things  
the devil tells you are pleasant?

Are your eyes blinded by personal favors  
received, or to be gained?

That is the way the Lord will keep you,  
if your eyes are towards Him constantly.

O Salvationist, the eyes of your town are  
upon you."

Would you like God's eye to see all you  
do in your house night and day?  
Soph.

## RADIANT RAYS.

You are a light already

We have said so, but your rays do not  
extend far, the illuminating power is  
low.

A single soldier should light up his  
house—don't care how big the house  
or how large the family, or what the  
position occupied in it, if it be that of  
scullery-maid or shoeblack.

One soldier should light up the factory  
in which he works—I don't care how  
many windows be in it, or how many  
hands employed—he should be talked  
about, believed in, loved or hated, care-  
less or persecuted, by everybody there.

One soldier should light up his corps,  
marches and meetings, whatever his  
rank may be, or whether he has any rank  
at all. But to do this only a

## Furnace-Flame will Suffer.

No rushlight, however, no delicate, timid,  
half-fright-of-offending fire make you  
such a light in your generation as will  
do this. Nothing less than a heart on  
fire. You must seek it, my comrades.  
You must seek it definitely and you shall  
find it, and the world will see and feel  
the results.

—The General.

## RESCUE REFRAINS.

"One emigrant is worth \$1,000 to the  
State. If this is true, the 75 per cent.  
satisfactory cases told of here to-night  
by Mrs. Read are worth \$75,000 to the  
State. The Government should assist the  
church financially if only on economic  
principles." Dr. Stockton, M. F. N., at  
Queen's Square Church, St. John, N. E.

Newfoundland Rescue Home has done  
good work of reclamation. Since the  
opening four years ago 90 girls have  
passed through the Home.

"When we hear of the work being ac-  
complished by this gentle, delicate woman,  
Mrs. Read, and her co-workers, it makes  
us ashamed of our Christian  
profession and practice. Mr. Durbell,  
Chairman, Social meeting, Sydney, C. B.

"Let us forget our party lines and de-  
nominational differences, and unitedly  
of evil, and conquer them for God." Rev.  
Mr. James, British Hall, St. John's, Nfld.

"I believe in this Rescue work for  
many reasons. One, it is well managed."  
Dr. Kendall, St. John's, Nfld.

A religious sinner is worse than a  
wicked sinner.

# DAWSON CITY SHELLED.

## First Engagement in the City of Tents.

### A MINISTER SAVED FROM DROWNING BY THE EXPEDITION.

**G**LAD to see you, this was the welcome greeting which came from the lips of a man in the midst of a group of people who had been watching our approach, as we set our feet for the first time in Dawson City, and this was not the only one, but a multitude of similar expressions reached our ears, many being greeted by the hand as we pressed our way through the dense crowds, rushing excitedly in opposite directions along of what might be termed the main street of that city, which truly

#### "Sprang up in a Night."

and whose fame has now spread to the uttermost parts of the globe.

We could hardly believe at last we were in the centre of that region where gold had appeared in such abundance in the lonely mountains, creeks and rivers, now suddenly appearing in superabundance in most unlikely spots, making poor men wealthy, rich men richer, and has seemingly had the additional power of making many poor men the poorer, and sad, restless souls the more so.

At the present moment it is estimated in Dawson and Klondike City there is between fifteen and twenty thousand people. The city stretches a couple of miles, and is situated at the foot of the mountain. The main thoroughfare is blocked, and it is with great difficulty one can get to and fro. The post office facilities are inadequate to cope with the tremendous rush for mail. Prices are fairly high. For the most part gold dust is used as currency.

But I must come back and speak a little of our long journey down the river from Bennett, where I last wrote you. Truly "goodness and mercy has followed us."

#### Rowing Canoes to be a Novelty

or luxury after one has pulled 548 miles. This distance we covered in thirteen days. As will be supposed, it has taken no small faith in God, skill and presence of mind to shoot the rapids, steer clear of the numerous rocks and sandbars, as the stream has carried us along, at times, with terrific force.

We thought we had completed nearly all our thrilling experiences, having passed in safety the much-dreaded canons and rapids, when just rounding a sharp turn on Thirty Mile Creek, we suddenly appeared right in front of us.

#### A Man Clinging for His Life

to a rock nearly in mid-stream. Men were excitedly standing on the bank. The moment they saw him, heckoned and

shouted for assistance. Our boats were hurriedly put to shore, and in a few moments we had a rope within his reach, when suddenly another catastrophe was to take place. A boat, came rushing madly down the stream above us and a few seconds more was within a few inches of the dreaded rock, as the second vessel thus so nearly came to doom, for the man to catch the oar at the back, which happily the minister did (for we afterwards discovered he was one) and was saved, but one of the crew of four had been drowned, the rest having escaped by their living through all their efforts. Wrecks were strewn all along the shore. We were told casualties occur daily at this point.

Last night we were at supper, a traveller passed by our tent; he stopped a moment or two to speak with us. Knew the Army well. Had been prospecting. Had seen, he said, some mines producing \$1,000 per day. Another prospector had secured near by where we were camped, a mine bringing him \$600 to \$800 per day. But there is another side. It is not, seemingly, His will for ALL men to be rich. Hundreds turn their backs homeward as soon as they arrive. Others stay only to die out in misery, and if possible return later to their homes with all their fond hopes crushed.

Saturday night, June 25th, '98, we opened fire on Dawson City. I would roughly estimate there was a thousand people standing around that open-air ring. We felt right at home. They clapped and cheered and did all they could to assure and reassure us we were welcome, and a beautiful sacred influence pervaded the whole meeting.

Tears trickled down the eyes of many and when we told them it was for their good and well-being alone we had come, their appreciative exclamations were very evident. Some kind friend in Dawson said, "And how are you going to take up a collection?" The Salvation Army was equal to the occasion and we wound up this important function with

#### \$41.50 in Gold Dust and Nuggets,

and the remaining \$23.50 in bills and silver. The people were good to us and no mistake. There is no need of our requiring civil protection, but Major Walsh has been most friendly, and is seemingly anxious for our prosperity and well-being.

But what shall I say of our Sunday night meeting. I am afraid I have already used up my limited stock of adjectives. Well, I will state the facts and you can draw your own conclusion. Imagine the street blocked and as far as you could see eager faces, numbering, I should judge

#### Two Thousand People.

Never was such a host of eager listeners congregated. The meeting went with a swing; conviction was marked, tears flowed freely. The Adjutant as well as the rest of the officers excelled themselves and were truly inspired. Our offering in nuggets and gold came to \$523 and cash \$5.50, totaling \$528 for the two meetings. A man has volunteered to do his best to get us a large quantity of logs for a barracks. We are enlisting soldiers straight off. Our faith is away up. Have two or three names already.

know, dear, the Lord Jesus left His heaven to come down to earth and die for us, and He must be right for us to follow in His footsteps."

Hattie was alienated. She had left home confident that she would induce Evelyn to return home, because she had always had such a great influence over her, but she found herself unable, consequently, to try to induce Evelyn to leave her work after the way she had been talked to, so after spending a night at the quarters, which, by the way, with its neat, clean furniture, and texts around the walls, she very much liked, she returned bare-headed, to find a less pleasant reception than she anticipated when leaving, owing to the non-success of her mission.

However, Mrs. Steadfast were still of opinion that Evelyn could be induced to return, and accordingly made up their minds that they themselves would visit her and if it was within the range of possibility at all would bring her home. Hattie wrote Evelyn her parents' decision.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

**T**HE day before Mr. and Mrs. Steadfast were due to arrive at the quarters, Evelyn and her Lieutenant had themselves been visited by the same Lord who had brought His young disciple through persecution and hardship, and every previous obstacle which would have hindered him from going with God, crowned her self-sacrifice and devotion to Him and His cause in a way which on one time could not have been dreamed of.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof but canst not tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit," and thus it was with Mrs. Steadfast.

Discreet, serene, prepared to dictate to her daughter in matters of conscience as much now as ever, and resolved to carry out her purpose to bring Evelyn home, Mrs. Steadfast, in company with Mr. Steadfast, made her way to the little Army quarters at the appointed time.

Wisely and wisely, as she thought, she began the attack.

But Evelyn could talk too, and moreover, God was in Evelyn's talking.

Instead of gaining the victory over her daughter's "conscientious scruples" as she anticipated, Mrs. Steadfast found herself pressed hard by these proud truths which have made many a haughty spirit since Felix's day tremble, backed up by the illumined face of her own mother, whose conduct she could no longer attribute to "mistaken zeal," or "fanaticism," or "sheer obstinacy."

The foundations of her pride were shaken.

Her lips quivered, her cheeks blanched.

Evelyn saw that the doors of her mother's spirit were being torn up and fell upon her knees in passionate entreaty to her Heavenly Father. Soon Mr. and Mrs. Steadfast were on their knees by Evelyn's side.

Then came Mrs. Steadfast's turn to pray.

Like Saul, she was transformed as with a flash of the Heavenly light.

With tears and prayers for forgiveness she acknowledged her great wrong, and entered into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

This was Evelyn's victory—the crowning triumph of her life.

After that she went forwards following the Master, and has been instrumental in His hands of winning hundreds of souls to Jesus. A full sheaf awaits her at the great Harvest Home.

Hattie left her home, but that is another story, nevertheless we will tell it in brief. She had persecuted her sister, and she had repented.

Following the light meant to her, owing to a considerable extent, the same ridicule and persecution Evelyn had so bravely encountered. Although of the Lord's side, she was regarded with Mrs. Steadfast's conversion; but Hattie, to follow the Lord fully, had to go so far as to dispose of all excellent business which she had acquired, dismiss her assistants and apprentices, who worked under her guidance, and herself enter training to become a nurse, like Evelyn, a Salvation Army Captain, too.

FINIS.

## EVELYN'S VICTORY.

By BRIGADIER CORNELIUS.

**I** THINK it would be a good thing if you were to go to London and use your persuasive talent to induce Evelyn to come home," said Hattie's mother one day, "she has gone some time now, and she'll surely have got tired of the Army by now." And so, after due correspondence upon the matter, one day Hattie was to see some of the certain corps in a rough part of London at which Evelyn, then only seventeen, was Captain in standing on the bank.

On the way there Hattie was querying to herself what the Army quarters would be like, and how her sister Evelyn, whose charming face and figure it had always been a delight to see off with a tussy hat and habit in the olden day, would look in the sober blue of the Army and the Hallelujah bonnet.

Hattie found her sister at the hall, just ready to conduct the meeting. The congregation, which had made up of London roughs—Godless, careless, vile-fellows, soaked in sin and ready for almost any kind of dare-devil tricks. Hattie, of course, became a person in her walk of life, was fashionably attired in a black satin dress of the latest style.

As she swept up the aisle of the little Army barracks, lifting her skirt to avoid defilement from the tobacco juice with which the roughs were wont to adorn the barracks floor, she presented one of the most remarkable contrasts to her surroundings that the mind could well conceive.

The irreverent roughs were loud in their coarse personal remarks about the high-toned specimen of humankind, who had suddenly appeared among them, like a bird of Paradise dropping down on a heap of cinders, and Hattie felt her dignity very much upset by their rude remarks; however, for Evelyn's sake she shut through the meeting and endured the agony.

The most striking part of the meeting to her was the testimony of a man who had had a villainous fall and who, although now transformed by Divine grace, still bore the marks of having been a most tremendous stronghold for the powers of darkness.

This man explained that he had been the torment of every officer who had been stationed at that corps. It was an adept at exciting meetings and moreover, he was not the nicest kind of work to attempt his apportionment.

He related that when he first saw Captain Steadfast, he thought he would play up his old tricks at a great rate, seeing she was such a young girl, and wouldn't have the same control as some of the older Captains had had, but he found he was mistaken. Whenever he commenced his capers he would catch the eye of Captain Steadfast, and her look possessed such a power over him that he was awed into quietness.

He related that he had now found the Saviour, and was devoting his energies to pushing the sales of the War Cry.

Oh, you great rough brute, you are not worth saving, anyhow," was the wicked thought which arose in Hattie's perturbed mind.

She could with difficulty feel pleasant towards anybody there, after the insults she had endured.

On the way to the quarters afterwards, Evelyn asked Hattie what she thought

of the meeting, and Hattie replied a trifle strongly on the same strain as the last thought we quoted.

She spoke disparagingly to Evelyn of the coarse, rough people she was associating with, and she felt shocked because she was sure her sister would degenerate into the same kind of creature—rough and uncouth.

Whatever could she be thinking of, she enquired, throwing her life away amongst such people as these.

Evelyn said, "Well, Hattie, I know exactly where you are in your thought about me and my work, but after your father did expect you would be a little further advanced than you are. You know, dear, we ought to consider the circumstances surrounding these people; they have been born in this kind of life, they've never known anything but ignorance, sin, and in many cases crime. It is and indeed, to think that unless they become saved their circumstances will be just the same all through this life, and then they will be lost in the world to come. So let us go down to them. If they are to be saved, and you

**WHAT**  
R U GOING 2 DO 4  
HARVEST FESTIVAL?





# Harvest Festival Preludes.

George C. Booth



## ACTION.

PLANNING and contriving is very desirable, and never too much is done of it, but ACTION is indispensable.

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Brilliantly reflected from the sombre background of daily grind, my memory insists in mentioning the excellent triumphs achieved by my officers and soldiers during the last Harvest Festival effort,—we not only pierced the very centre of the bull's eye, but our impetuous effort send the arrow a long way beyond the Target.

\*\*\*

Last year's success will teach you into which channels you can throw your energies with the best results; at the same time, we should also consider and study our failures.

\*\*\*

Because we have failed along certain lines, does not of necessity prove these particular measures to be useless. Excellent method may be spoiled by wrong interpretation or faulty execution.

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Diligent searching of our weak points will often suggest ways of fortification that become our strongholds in future.

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Keep the idea of thanksgiving to God well to the front, to make people feel their obligation to their Maker. Not only the Farmer or Rancher out of the yieldings of their fields or herds, but also the business man out of his stock should give thanks to God for the work of our Lord.

\*\*\*

We need not be timid in asking for contributions for His cause. Do not take refusals without protest, and the pointing out of the things accomplished with former contributions.

\*\*\*

Remind people of the dishonest men who through the medium of the Salvation Army were made honest; of the innumerable hordes of drunkards and want turned into homes of peace and plenty; of strayed sons and daughters returned to parents and purity; of hungry, starved, homeless crowds whom we have fed, clothed and sheltered.

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"But it has been said so often," you reply. Yes, and it will never be said too often while so much sin and sorrow is tolerated by an ease-loving humanity. It is ACTION we want!

\*\*\*

Arouse people to desperate Action! As in harvest time all hands are working long and desperately to bring in the grain from the field ere a sudden rain should spoil it, so during our Harvest Festival effort all hands should be working. Action will help us to garner all the victories which this effort should rightly bring to the Army.

# ON THE WATER AND UNDER IT.

## The General Pilots Sweden's Thirteenth National Congress.

### SPIRITUAL SHOWERS AND LITERAL DOWNPOURING—HALLS OF SALVATION—SALVATION MANOEUVRES ON LAND AND SEA.



OD bless you, General! I thank you for the good you do my country." Thus broke the plumed warrior working man, who pressed up to the General's carriage in the Review at Soder- telge, voicing, no doubt, the sentiments of thousands of Swedes.

These Annual Congresses in Scandinavian countries occupy a very important place in the Salvation Army's operations. Officers' meetings, councils and soldiers' gatherings are, of course, regular features in various centres of the Field; but there is but one Congress in each country, and to this the officers and soldiers flock from north, south, east and west, as the Jews turned to Jerusalem in olden times. In this Stockholm Congress are officers who have travelled two thousand English miles to be present; and, judging by their own testimony, go back well rewarded for the sacrifice and toil of the journey.

Stockholm Railway Station occupies one side of a vast well-attended area. On several previous occasions of the General's visit public receptions have been organized, and I have seen fifteen or twenty thousand people assembled there to greet the veteran Leader of the Salvation Army. On this occasion, however, the General was timed to arrive in the early morning, and we decided to have no public reception at all; but with six hundred officers in the city, and a crowd of warm-hearted soldiers on hand, how could they keep from hailing the General's appearance? And there they were with the Staff Band to the front, and crowds of people who had learned of the time for the General's arrival.

It is very difficult for our readers to realize the extent of the Congress—that is, the Field Day and the sea manoeuvres, connected with it. As an annual event, Soder- telge is looked forward to with eagerness by thousands of people who buy their tickets beforehand.

There are two aspects of the great festival. There is Soder- telge itself, and there is also the journey by water to Soder- telge and back. The place itself is about twenty-five or thirty miles from the city, and is, on account of its natural beauty, a regular resort of holiday-makers. The Army, some years ago, secured a few acres of land having beautiful trees, forming pleasant shade for the people. Year by year the seating accommodation has been increased, and now, on a beautiful slope, six or seven thousand persons can sit or rather round, all within reach of the eye and sound of the speaker.

Our fleet of steamboats this year was larger than ever. The Army chartered twenty-three vessels. The private owners ran additional ones, besides special trains which conveyed large numbers of people. It is, indeed, a beautiful picture when all the steamers throng off and fall into two lines ahead with

### Flags and Bunting Galore.

crowds of Salvationists singing and bands playing in each harbor. At the entrance the General's boat glides between the double line, salutes are given, volleys fired, horns blow, and, altogether, jubilation prevails.

The faith and hope of the Commissioners and comrades were sorely tried at the beginning of the day by the shower and prospect of rain. At all times, however, the people thronged the boats, until there seemed no room for any more.

How shall I describe the wonderful gatherings witnessed by the General, or the marvellous incidents connected with the meetings? The barriers and fences only answered to divide the crowd which rushed from the surrounding ground which was standing. Within the fence, without the fence, and on the fence, the vast, but perfectly-orderly and well-governed multitudes turned their faces and raised their hands and shouted their greetings as the General appeared and took command.

With the giving out of the first song, a peculiar transformation took place. The clouds came over and the rain came down heavily. Umbrellas went up, until we on the platform could see little but umbrellas! The song started the voices rose; but the sound came from persons we could not see. Imagine, if you can,

### 2,000 Umbrellas Open

and all touching each other! Canvases spread out like a billowy sea! And yet we went on with the meeting, although

we began to feel that our purpose was going to be defeated.

"Pray, believe, hold on," was the cry. "Hallelujah! Victory is on the side of salvation, for, just at the moment when the General rose to commence his address the rain ceased, the sun shone, the umbrellas dropped, and on the General went. Conviction set in, the tide of feeling rose, the invitation was given, the huge pentent form was cleared, and sixty penitents came forward before the close of that one meeting. We all praised God together.

Twice again was the vast amphitheatre crowded with an eager throng, and again at the close of the General's meeting fifty-three souls sought and found mercy. Between the two great meetings conducted by the General, Commissioner Oliphant sandwiched another big event, which was a combination of a musical festival and a Junior demonstration, attended by between four and five thousand persons.

The singing was excellent, the bands played well; but I was delighted with the Juniors. The programme was like the C. P. on a small scale—Bible texts, with object lessons and others featured, which indicated that our leaders in countries outside of Great Britain are taking the Juniors' Work well in hand, and that the prospects are very encouraging.

Owing to the shortness of time, it was not possible for all the movements of the troops arranged by the Commissioner and his staff; but the staff of the Army forces around their Divisional banners in the march just before the General was very fine.

The programme of the Congress was a full and heavy one for all concerned; and yet, from beginning to end, there was no flagging of interest.

While the General is engaged in councils with officers public meetings are going on in a special hall; so that one ceaseless stream of salvation influence is being poured upon the city. The Commissioners Oliphant had the first two days of the Congress for preliminary councils with their officers.

Then came the General's councils—three sittings each day—first, with the Field Officers, then the Local Officers added, coming up with a glorious soldiers' meeting, one of the most wonderful assemblies of leaders, so dier, sinners and sinners ever held in Scandinavia.

1. The General himself says that he never had a more blessed and successful Congress.

2. The Foreign Secretary, who has been with the General on many important occasions, states he never heard the General do better, or saw the grip which he had upon the officers and the vast audience more manifest than in this Congress, especially when the difficulties connected with translation are borne in mind.

3. The universal testimonies of Staff and Field Officers, who openly and privately say that this Thirteenth Swedish Congress has been one of the very best of all. Special testimonies of personal blessing received were abundant.

4. The evidence of the penitent form, at which 219 men and women knelt with tears and confessions and consecrations and entreaties, and rose up to praise God and to forgive, to serve Him in goodness of life and realization of His saving grace.

The range of topics covered by the General during these series of councils,

local officers' and soldiers' meetings and public gatherings was very extensive. In his public meetings truths about Sin and Salvation, Heaven, Hell, Repentance, Faith and Holiness came under review, and the facts forced home to the consciences in a remarkable and effective manner.

The General also reviewed his more recent campaigns in the United States, Canada, and other countries in a way which delighted his own troops, gratified the friends of the Army, and brought surprises to those whose previous knowledge of the Army and its world-wide doings was limited. Referring in one meeting to the surprising growth and stability of the Army, the General said, "The enemies of the Salvation Army in days gone by, described it as a rope of sand, and they watched to see it go to atoms; but they looked, and looked, and looked until the rope of sand became a chain of gold encircling the whole world.

### They said it was 'Only a Bubble.'

and they watched to see it burst; but they looked, and looked, and looked until the so-called bubble became a solid rock upon which thousands of poor souls could stand.

In the Officers' Councils The General's addresses were expressed and received in a way which showed a mind that left a mark, not only on the memory, but I believe, on the character. The General talked not so much of d. t. a. l. methods, as of the Divine laws and principles underlying all degrees of success in God's work.

(From the report by Commissioner Howard in our British contemporary).



The Lame Man Eyes to the Blind, and the Blind Feet to the Lame.  
(See Commissioner's Article on next page.)

### Chicken Coops for Harvest Festival.

CLINTON.—Good meetings, splendid crowds, a well-defended. Friday evening the band attended the lawn social held by the Methodist Church of this town. Lieut. Copman is very busy building chicken coops for H. F. scheme. We believe the Lord will reward his efforts. Praise God for victory.—Yours in the fight, Ida Dezzo, Reg. Cor.

### LOOK OUT FOR THE VISITORS.

#### BRIGADIER MARGRETTA.

Annapolis, August 8. Windsor, August 10. Dartmouth, August 11. Halifax I, August 12—2:30 p.m., officers' meeting; half night of prayer from 8 to 12 p.m. Halifax II, August 13. Toronto, August 15. New Glasgow, August 15, 17-Aug. 17, 2:30 p.m., officers' meeting; 8 p.m., half-night of prayer. North Sydney, August 18.

# H. F.

## IS COMING SOON

### SET YOUR REAPING MACHINERY IN ORDER



## Or, "Bear Ye One Another's Burdens."

BY FIELD COMMISSIONER MISS BOOTH.



SEA trip of some five days through waters of pearly calmness encircled by picturesque charm, brought me to my longed-for destination—the much-reported upon, spoken of

and thought—about town of Skagway. Stepping from the wharf over 2,000 feet in length, a primitive street leading over portions of a stony beach between fallen trees, huge logs, and large stumps, lined with many quaint buildings—varying from the rustic log shanty to the more pretentious two-story dwelling introduced me to the little town which has in some few months, with the rapid growth of mining popularity, sprung from complete obscurity into world-wide renown. We pressed our way through crowds of men—chiefly young and middle-aged, although the grey-haired were by no means absent—treading the rough sidewalks hither and thither in pursuit of their business; lounging in groups around the corners indulging in lazy gossip, thronging the bar-rooms, and crowding the few pretentious looking stores, all and each either by dress, word or attitude carrying the mark that they were or had been the explorers of the Far North. Across the street to the right, then with a sharp turn to the left we came suddenly upon a long train of mules and horses which gave all evidence that their preparations for their wondrous journey over the White Pass was fully completed. Bundles sacks and boxes were heaped upon the backs of the burdened pack animals until one questioned the possibility of their bearing burdens so great along a level road, let alone up mountain steep.

As they stood, with many I noticed their backs sank and knees trembled beneath their heavy loads, while the weaker of the chafed looking beasts lay down, seeking in the few minutes granted for their master's gossip what rest was to be found on the rough, rocky roadway until the whip of the driver gave the signal for the start of the march. There were deep wounds on three or four of the mules, results of falls, or accidents, or, according to verbal report, more likely of the brutal treatment of impatient masters, who sought to exact by scourge of whip, and even chain, unreasonable service from the dumb and wronged slaves.

None with any feeling left with which to feel could look upon these suffering animals without realizing some emotion, especially did they know of the Lord especially did they know of the

### 1000 Caravans of Horses

either starved or beaten to death, already straining the one trail of the White Pass. I would like to have watched them out of sight, but my guide would not let me linger, and deep and lasting as were the impressions their wrongs and sufferings made upon my mind, I found them forgotten when confronted with the restless, disappointed and unsatisfied throng of men who passed and repassed me through the hours of that day, and crowded round me in the meeting of that

evening, and when listening to the many tales of disappointment told me in the few hours spent in that city. When nestling in my sleeping-bag on this memorable night, while the sun, choosing for its pillow the snow peak of the mountains in its sleeping flushes rivalled the brightness of Jupiter and Venus, and every nook and corner of the Alaskan forest thrilled with the music of watch-night birdings, my mind was crowded with reflections of the day, and I thought Skagway, although the gate to the gold-fields, and in this spring season abundant with wild and rustic beauty, so full of burdens. Almost every man's back had a pack on it, every animal you meet is straining muscular nerve to carry some stupendous load—everywhere you look and everywhere you go in this Alaskan city there are burdens—and further thought said the whole world is the same. Time is but the trail leading to eternity, over which the long train of generations pass; each individual found in the march with back bent beneath a weight of some kind or other. As I write I see the changing processional panorama, men, women, and children all bearing their heavy load, and that remarkable memento found by Christ for making each burden lighter, presses its great meaning upon my heart and mind: a means of getting your own burden carried while stretching out your hand to lift somebody else's found in the instruction, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ."

I find in this command of Christ's voiced by Paul, first, a forcible reminder that ALL HAVE BURDENS; otherwise the "one another" would have no meaning. These words seem to tell me that we can be quite sure that every heart is pressed with the weight of some trial or sorrow, that for the feet of all there are points of the journey which are rough and seemingly cruel to tread: into which the experience of every life "some rain must fall," some grave will be dug and the weight will have to be carried. Could we but remember this, how much more softly and kindly would our treading be through the tangled paths of time. But in the great crowd of our fellow-neighbors moving around us, many carry so bright a seeming, despite a sad reality, that their secret burden is never detected. Only the bitterness of a nature that has perhaps lost all its sweetness in grief reveals to the insight of mercy that a burden is there, too often forgetting the possibility of hidden suffering we sit in judgment harshly upon the fault, whereas did we know as Christ, Sympathy's Waters would bring forth fruit out of even parched ground.

Just like that girl, whose manner so stern and cold, seemed ill to match the gentle features of her countenance. All spoke hardly—thinking rightly so—of the curt, short words of which she made use and condemned loudly her attitude. They said she always looked disagreeable—they might have said sorrowful. They said she was wrapped up in herself—they meant she never cared to talk about others. And it was only when she was in



her coffin, one breaking heart bringing in rough wrinkled hands, a few white lines to lay on her breast that the tale was told of the deep grief which had dried up all her sweetness, taken away her very heart, and at last her life. The woman whose she lodged was a Christian and always meant well, and when she heard the story she wiped away a tear as she smoothed back a curl from the marble-like brow, saying, "I wish I had thought that the poor soul might have had a hidden sorrow," and myself I think the angels wished so too, for who could say what that one sympathetic tear would have done had it been shed by one seeking to share her burden before those eyes closed forever.

Secondly, I find in this quotation of Paul's that WHILE WE ALL HAVE BURDENS TO CARRY, THEY WIDELY DIFFER IN CHARACTER.

otherwise the impossibility of carrying out: the injunction to bear one another's. With some the burden comes down upon the heart, so depressing and saddening that the whole march of life becomes slow and heavy. With others it comes down upon the muscles and limbs and bones of the body in hard daily manual labor, or maybe in racking pain. With others it comes down upon the head, so crowding the brain with multitudes of perplexing thoughts that reason totters and gives way. With many it comes down upon the home driving out laughter and love and digging deep graves. With numbers it comes down upon the circumstances and the blow of prostrated business prospects, thrusts open the floodgates of poverty and despair. So widely differing are the burdens of mankind that no pen can attempt to describe or classify them. It seems to me as though Christ looks upon this moving mass of

humanity with hidden trial, secret want, cramped limbs, bent shoulders, throbbing temples, distorted reason, blighted hopes and sinking souls and devises a plan of helping all by issuing a universal command that all shall help—each man's hand is to go out in the direction of his brother's load and so each in relieving become relieved, this being possible, God having made your burden different to that of your neighbor's. There is a sense in which the blind man can lend his feet to the lame man, and the poor lame man can make his eyes see for the blind man. I knew a family years gone by, three in number—two boys and a girl—one was stone deaf, the other completely blind and a third lame; but despite these sad afflictions their home was an exceptionally happy one, and I do not know of anything that has much more impressed me in my experience than witnessing the

way each sought to supply the loss of the other.

Again, the "one another" shows that HAVING BURDENS OF OUR OWN SHOULD BE NO HINDRANCE TO OUR SHARING THOSE OF OTHERS, BUT RATHER SHOULD INCREASE OUR CAPACITY TO DO SO. Surely none better than sorrow's hand can teach how to bind its wounds. Should not that one whose eyes have shed the most tears be the ablest in wiping them. Is it not the mother who buried her children who can best enter into the heart-pain of the wife who has just become a widow? Is not this the reason Jesus came and sat in the whole sea of life's trials and tested the full strength of every man's temptation, that being acquainted with all our grief, His back might go under our every load helping us to bear it. The path of every sorrowing circumstance His dear feet

wept." He was so lonely and burdened in a Garden in the dark that He asked three rough fishermen to come and watch with Him a little. His losses were so heavy and so great that it cost Him His life to make possible their recovery. The only way of redeeming the world was to be numbered and slain with the transgressors—the only way of lightening its burden and sharing in its load.

And so I learn just because you have had many heavy trials in your own life—some known, and perhaps the heavier unknown—that the very pain these have caused you should have been the birth-pang of new and tender compassion for those bearing equal distresses, and so taught your heart to feel and lips to speak its feeling as ought else could never have done.

But with how many in the Christian world around us has Sorrow's new-born spirit been the very reverse.

would naturally suggest their ear would have become the most sensitive to the cry of pain from any heart. But they are scarcely ever heard expressing sorrow or regret for the complaints of others—anyway, outside their own near relations or few fond friends, or offering any sympathy for their overtaxed neighbor, who, being the widowed mother of a large family carries upon her rounded shoulders and sad heart the burden of breadwinner, dress-maker and nurse, and to the many inopportune claims of motherhood. I have heard so many say, who have themselves been sufferers when told of any trouble of another, "Well, they should have what I have got to bear," never thinking, anyway, completely forgetting that in the fulfillment of Christ's law did they have a quick and tender ear to the cry of another's need, how much they might lighten the shadow across their own path, and how greatly lighten the burden of trial which has fallen into their own lives. Little they might be able to say, and a great deal less they might be able to do, but those things which they stretched out the farthest in my own life, and outran its shadows the longest, have been those small expressions of deep sympathy spoken in time, while the trial was upon me, and maybe in simplest words—but was telling a part of my burden had reached another heart, and so it was not all for me to bear. I think this must be why "kind words can never die," because kind words are generally sympathetic words, and there has never yet been a grave dug for sympathy. God thought it

#### Much too Precious to Bury

There is a young man there; none has enquired or guessed why he has gone thinner every month for the past six, or they might have discovered his liabilities have been steadily increasing. Try and think early and late as he will, he can't make ends meet. His mind is wearied and heart sick, with the going over and over as to how to get rid of his debts, or how better to make the little grocery store pay. In the church or in the barracks he sits next to a young fellow who has fine business prospects, but who has just buried his wife and is now tempted to wonder what there is in life worth living for. Oh, what a chance for one shoulder to get under the load of the other shoulder, and the other shoulder to get under the load of the one, and for each to lighten the burden of both as they climb the hills of time. What a wonderful and beautiful and easy means Heaven has devised in this great decree, "Bear ye one another's burdens," of lifting the shadows which rest upon the whole world; hushing the storms which beat around every barque; of bettering the lot of every creature. Yes! the Christian Church could do it. If it only would, and instead of its people only being so-called Christians they would become in reality joint-helpers with Jesus in redemption's great plan.

How many burdens have you shared in and relieved within your own corps or community? Maybe you have not been slow to remark the falling off of a comrade from open-air or a soul from the ways of righteousness and truth, and too often have blamed such for the sin which only your sunshine has fastened upon as an explanation; but have your gaze been equally quick in noting the shade upon the countenance, which clearly told that the source of his joy was gone?

#### The Gift of Discernment of Spirits

which comes from God does not merely detect hidden short-comings in the souls of those around you, but discovers the secret which is supplying the sweetness and strength from hearts and lives, which it is your priceless privilege to alleviate, even if you cannot heal.

You say that your own heart aches and has more than its weight of worry and measure of perplexity—that oftentimes sin's current has been as strong that it will weigh down upon your own spirit's feet; but you have forgotten—per-

haps never knew—that the billows of trial can best be breasted when your laboring strokes keep pace with the difficult crossing of another, and that your voyage through Time will be none the slower or feebler because your weakness is linked in sympathy and mutual help to somebody else's care. For a burden shared is a burden carried, and while your consideration and concern lightens another's care, the support of his sympathy and encouragement makes less your own.

I have had a great deal to do in the direction of helping the Christian to look with mercy's kindness upon the short-comings or falling of a comrade, or of even getting them to show sympathy with them in their sorrow, and I must here admit that sometimes I have been tempted to get very tired and discouraged. How glad I shall be when this burden-bearing becomes more common. I suppose with the unsaved you can't expect it, but with the saved it ought to be. If every Christian was to share the burden of another, what a different church we should have, what new co-ops, what a strengthening of weak hands, what a blooming in many a wilderness, how many would get the blessing of a clean heart who have never yet had it; how many unkindnesses, awkwardnesses, disagreeablenesses, sorrows and tears would be lost. What a day for Heaven, what a time for earth, what a rocking in Hell, just because somebody would be entering into the particular trial and difficulty of somebody else, and thereby helping them up with the load, and so fulfilling the law of Christ. Oh, can we not start over again and freshly grasping the hand of the One whose heart was pierced with the thorns of all earthly woes, begin to live out His grace, His life, Himself, which would be lived in living out His love. Let us

#### Cease to Wrap our Arms Around our own Griefs

and to so concentrate all our attention on bearing our own burdens as to give no heed to the lifting of anyone else's. Don't give all your life, your care, your love, to your own children—remember some others. Don't be so selfishly engrossed with your own little home as to have no kindly thought for a dear heart who perhaps works very near you but has no spot worthy of that name. Don't be so anxiously concerned as to how your own interests are progressing as to be unable to feel any real hurt at the downfall of another's. Remember the little family of which I have spoken, and he felt to the lame, and eyes to the blind, despite there being some heavy loss in your own lot, not forgetting as ye mete it out to others, so again God has sworn it shall be meted out to you.

Again, I see my text BEING AN INJUNCTION TO ALL THAT THERE ARE NONE WITH WHOM ITS EXPERIENCE IS NOT POSSIBLE. To be a great benefactor is within the reach of every man. How often people have said to me, "If I only had the gift of oratory what a deal I would do in my day and generation, and how happy I should be," or, "If I only had vocal talent, how I would sing His message of love into thousands of hearts and so make a mark with my life," or, "Had I but the power of convincing elevated thought in terse vocabulary through pen or to paper, I would then leave on record ineffaceable declarations of cleansing Blood and conquering Grace." Oh, the numbers that travel through the long journey from the cradle to the grave wishing that they had just some talent which they have not, so that they might shine and bless. Well, it seems to me that Paul must have had especially in his mind all such dear desirous hearts, and steps to the front with a great eye-opener as it were, in this choice selection for the meeting of all such longing. He seems to say, "You may not be an orator, or a singer, or a writer, or an officer, all the same you can still do a great deal in your day and generation. You can still swing the mace of saving grace into thousands of hearts. You can still make a mark with your life." Let us



have trod. He was once so hungry that the strongest temptation Hell could present was to make some bread out of stones. He was once so much of an outcast that He felt more unloved and unwanted than the birds of the trees and remarked that they had homes while the Son of Man had not where to lay His head. He was once so disappointed in the chattering of His most treasured hopes that while others were shouting "Hosanna," Jesus was crying, and called right out in His disappointment, "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how oft would I have gathered thee, but ye would not." He had such a poor start in life that He was born on straw, in a stable and condemned to death at His birth. His enemies were no bitter that they pursued Him to the grave. He was so betrayed and depressed that he broke right down publicly, and the Bible says, "Jesus

You would never have thought that woman had buried anything, let alone stood by the two open graves of her two children, judging from the cold way she received the news brought to her servant Mary in the black-edged envelope telling her mother was dead; still less by the impatient remark three days afterwards, such as, "It was easier to cry than to work," when Mary was found weeping just at the time when she should have had the dinner ready. Mary's mother was all she really had to truly love her, and it was only three days after that she realized she was gone. But hearts that never share in the burdens of others never think of these things—not even so-called Christians.

There are those I have known who have been sufferers—invalids, that is there has always been some weakness or suffering to be endured with each day's duty. One

could never stamp out. You can still write some records in ineffaceable lettering for men and angels to read. This is the way! If there is another, there is no better, or quicker, or surer. Go down your street and share your neighbor's burden.

This is the best and only way of giving practical proof of the grace of God filling your soul. What better or more convincing argument can be brought for the genuineness of your own salvation than, although burdened yourself, your hand is out to lift another's load. This is the spirit which marked Christ's great humanity, intermingling with His greater Divinity, so fitting Him to be the Saviour of a human world. He has known some people get so high up in religious things that they are like the stars, too far off the many entanglements in life's toils to be of any use to those lost in them—in fact, no one seems so blind to the real needs of the needy than they, and no sympathies are so dried up as theirs, although they may be engaged in actual Christian work. Their feet are so strong that they cannot enter into the struggles and tremblings of the weaker, and although very good at giving advice, they are very miserable hands at sharing burdens. They may be excellent lecturers, but they are poor sympathizers. They are very much like Christ in saving the cross should be carried, but altogether unlike Him in helping the weak to carry it. This was not so with Jesus. He came so near all our daily perplexities that He could even enter into the awkward feelings of those responsible for the marriage feast when the wine ran short, and immediately arranged for fresh supplies, and gave the eternal proof of how His sympathies are with every tired housekeeper or mother, whose cupboard contents are inadequate to the needs of the household. This spirit of human sympathy was most manifest all through His earthly career, and with Him at the very last, hanging in helpless agony beneath the burden of the world's transgression He remembered and felt the weight of the sorrow and desolation that was coming down upon the aching heart of His bereaved mother, and amidst dying groans provided for his shaming. In asking John to take her as his mother and be unto her a son.

Oh, blessed and sympathetic choice and precious grace. Is it not so much more eloquent than words? Is it not ever so much sweeter than song? Will it not exceed so much longer lived than printed scroll? If you have it, it will begone for you, confidence in your religion and praise for your God.

#### Quicker Than Ten Thousand Sermons, or Than Tons of Tracts.

Did not John say that pure and undefiled religion was to "visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction, and to keep oneself 'unspotted from the world.'"

Lastly, I would like to say there is a generosity about my text which strongly appeals to his heart. It has a sweep of sympathy about it, a gathering in of a world's crowd, an inclining of all. Like unto its Author, it is no respecter of person, place, or age, and it is everywhere. It says that burdens are everywhere. It says go and do the sharing everywhere. Any street corner will form an admirable spot to cast one of sympathy's sunbeams, any little circle or fitting occasion in which to light one of its eternal candles. In any little home, by the side of any sick bed, with your arms around a weary child, standing by any burdened heart you will find a barren field awaiting the sowing of its seed, which when watered by ministering angels, who are sent down at his word or spring to meet you in a land where flowers never die.

"Doctor," I said to a medical man, who leaped an anxious face over my shoulder, after a moment's physical pain, "Doctor, there is one great alleviator of suffering which you can carry everywhere, and take to it. It is sympathy. It is sympathy about the suffering and need not make the bills of your patients any heavier, but only the easier to pay and that is sympathy. It is sympathy that it out of the bottle like the medicine, but pour it out in quantities."

There is so little of it in the world that there can never be too much of it. It is given from any hand or too much of it thrown into any life. Take it with you to your business, carry it into the store; if the butter has become good for several weeks, tell the grocer so—there may be twenty people at that complaining of the cheese or some other considered unsatisfactory goods. If the little frock made for the little girl fits nicely, you might just as well say a word about being very pleased with it when you pay the bill—there will be several after. In making attentions made four times will declare the bill extortionate, and have nothing but complaints to hand over with the money, irrespective of the slightest benefit, and of all the tiredness of the pricked worn fingers and aching back. Do among the few who gather flowers and strew them in life thousands, who strew them on coffin lids after death.

some lifting, sharing, cheering and blessing that you have done, remembering, "HE WHICH SOWETH SPARINGLY SHALL REAP ALSO SPARINGLY, AND HE WHICH SOWETH BOUNTIFULLY SHALL REAP ALSO BOUNTIFULLY."

## GAZETTE.

### PROMOTIONS.

Captain Collier, Hamilton Shelter, to be Ensign.

Captain Alice Larrier, Picton, N. S., to be Ensign.

Captain Jennings, Chatham, N. B., to be Ensign.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,  
Field Commissioner.

### Remember the Harvest Festival!



### THE SECRET OF OUR SUCCESS.

IN his recent Anniversary Address in the Alexandra Palace, London, the General answers the questions as to the cause of our advance, as follows:

"What, then, has been, and still remains, the secret of our success? Do not let there be any mistake. Let me remind you of it in a few words.

"We have proclaimed to the world Salvation, immediate, for every man, by the power of God, through the Blood of Jesus Christ, if he will repent, believe and obey the Gospel, and push himself up to accept it on the spot where we have found Him.

"We have declared that the purpose for which Jesus Christ lived and died was to save men, not only from the Hell hereafter, but from Sin, and the hell that is ever connected with sin, in this life; and to bring them, here and now, into that Kingdom of God on earth, which is not meat and drink, form and economy, but righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

"We have affirmed, and still affirm, that every man and woman who have been made partakers of the Divine Nature by the Power of the Holy Ghost, must and will become saviours of their fellows: that if the love of Christ has been shed abroad in their hearts, they will of necessity, by the working of the Spirit of Christ within them, seek to convey to others benefits similar to those they have themselves received; and we have sought to organize them for this great warfare in the most efficient manner known to men.

"We have declared and shown that a life of Self-Denial is still the way to victory; that the only successful follower of Christ is the man who devotes his fortune, his family, his happiness, his life to the cause of his Master and the Salvation of the dying souls around him."

It might well say every officer to learn these words off by heart, as they practically contain our "Confession of Faith."

### THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

ACCORDING to official figures given to the public at Washington, the war between Spain and the United States has cost up to date nearly \$125,000,000. In addition to this nearly 2,000 men have been killed and wounded. The "glories of war" savour of pestilence and blood, shattered bones and increased taxation. Every true Christian should desire and pray that this war may be brought to a speedy conclusion, and that in disputes among nations in the future the intelligent reasoning of an International Arbitration may take the place of the barbaric arguments of shot and shell and brutal

### GREETING!

THE new Editor sends greetings to all readers of the War Cry in general, and to all contributors and Correspondents in particular. Of the former he asks a continuance of their patronage and charitable criticism of his endeavours to please a man, and of the latter he requests a continuance of their contributions and an increased interest in the welfare of the War Cry.

## The Field Commissioner WITH CYCLISTS IN WEST ONTARIO.

(Special by Wire.)

Berlin, Ont., Aug. 2nd.

MISS BOOTH'S TOUR IMMENSE SUCCESS. SUNDAY MEETING STRATFORD UNPARALLELED. OVER ONE THOUSAND PEOPLE LISTENED TO THRILLING ONE-HOUR ADDRESS BY FIELD COMMISSIONER AFTERNOON IN CENTRAL METHODIST CHURCH. BARRACKS PACKED AT NIGHT. POWERFUL ADDRESS BY COMMISSIONER CARRYING SHAFTS OF CONVICTION. FIRST METHODIST CHURCH, BERLIN, PACKED OUT LAST NIGHT. EXTREMELY APPROPRIATE AUDIENCE. BRASS AND STRING MUSIC OF CYCLISTS HEARTILY RECEIVED. COMMISSIONER'S ADDRESS SUPERB. Major Southall.



Commissioner Coombs conducted Bristol's Anniversary Meetings in the Zoological Gardens of that city.—Several of the youth of International Headquarters are raising libraries on the model of the Chief of Staff's guidance in "Smoke the blow."—The Army has already raised over \$1,000 for the sufferers of the Welsh strike.—A gentleman, travelling on the top of a train, saw an announcement that eight hundred shares were needed to form a Salvation Army Citadel Company. He had a few hundred pounds spare cash. He immediately altered his course, came into the nearest Headquarters, bought three hundred and left with the receipt book in his pocket.



Commander Booth-Tucker visited the National Christian Endeavor Convention at Nashville. His address on Christian Heroism was received with great appreciation.—The Festival celebration in the United States is fixed for September 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th.—The Consul at Honolulu has assumed a portion of her Headquarters duties.—Major says, the Army's Philippine planter, is speeding across the ocean to Manila.—Despite the stormy weather the Commander had a splendid spiritual day at the Wellston Camp-Meeting, Ohio.



The Annual Social meeting at Cape Town, presided over by Sir James Wright, was a gigantic success, in point of crowds, enthusiasm and financial results.—A similar demonstration is to follow at Johannesburg.—A second Night Shelter has been opened in Cape Town, more especially in view of providing for the colored poor.—A Social Party, like the one started at Port Elizabeth, while it is not unlikely that one will also follow at East London.—The Farm at Driefontein is to be enlarged by the taking in of the adjoining farming

estate.—Mrs. Commissioner Riddell's next Rescue tour includes the office; opening of the new Rescue Home at Durban.



Colonel Jai Singh (Bulford) has issued a stirring manifesto in connection with the six months' special campaign in the North Indian Territory, which commenced on June 1st. The program includes an increase of 100 officers, an increase of 2,000 soldiers, recruits and adherents, an increase of 30 corps, the opening of two new districts, an increase of 100 in Naval and Military League membership, the opening of a Soldiers' Home in one of the largest Military districts, the regular monthly publication of the Hindi and Urdu War Cry, the reaching of the North Indian Self-Denial target of 2,000 rupees, the opening of a Rescue Home in Lucknow, the commissioning of 100 local officers, etc.—Owing to the quarantine regulations concerning Bombay, Commissioner Hastings personally visited Madras, where he was received with great joy, decorated with garlands of welcome and spent a time of much interest and general profit.—If there was any doubt whether the people of Manarudi had been true to their united promise when the Army Boom march came through their village to abandon idol worship and seek the God of the Salvation Army it was soon removed. When the door of the heathen temple was opened a mound erected by white ants to the height of 100 feet, while spiders webs crossed and re-crossed the entrance to testify to its three months' disuse.



The Commandant, whose health is much improved, is making his first tour in the North-West Territory of Southern India.—A net rise of 10,000 copies per week has been recorded by the publishing department since the enlargement of the War Cry.—The Commandant addressed a large Social meeting in Fitzroy Town Hall, at which the Hon. R. W. Best, Victorian Minister for Lands, presided.—The first of the Melbourne Exhibition Buildings on July 26th.—The war in Java is advancing at great speed under the leadership of the Dutch Government of Javanese and Chinese are finding salvation. Junior work is shortly to be commenced on regulation lines. The day-school already started is doing well.

### C. B. M. Prov. Agents' Appointments.

ENGLISH ANDREWS.—Holland's Landing, August 10; St. Andrew, August 11; Barrie, August 12; Collingwood, August 13, 14; Russellton, August 15; Barrie, August 16; Oshawa, August 17; Collingwood, August 18; Midland, August 20, 21; Tescott, August 22; Gravenhurst, August 23; Barrie, August 24; Brantford, August 25; Hamilton, August 26; Brantford, August 27; Brantford, August 28; Brantford, August 29; Brantford, August 30.

ENGLISH PERCY.—Moncton, August 11; Freepoint, August 12-16; Yarmouth, August 17-21; Clark's Harbour, August 22.

ENGLISH SIMS.—Odessa, August 16; Napane, August 17; Deseronto, August 18; Picton, August 19, 20; Milbrook, August 21; Trenton, August 22; Picton, August 23; Picton, August 24; Picton, August 25; Picton, August 26; Picton, August 27; Picton, August 28; Picton, August 29; Picton, August 30.

ENGLISH CUMMINS.—Whitewood, August 10-12; Minnedosa, August 13-15; Nepeawa, August 16-18; Winnipeg, August 19-21.

CAPTAIN COLLIER.—Stratford, August 13, 14; Mitchell, August 15; Beaufort, August 16; Stratford, August 17; Beaufort, August 18, 19; Godswich, August 20, 21; Wingham, August 22, 23; Teeswater, August 24; Walkerton, August 25; Cliffton, August 26; Palmerston, August 27; Cliffton, August 28; Cliffton, August 29; Cliffton, August 30; Rothway, August 31.

### EXCHANGE.

ANY READER WISHING TO EXCHANGE THE CANADIAN CRY FOR THE AMERICAN, COMMUNICATE WITH MR. JOHN WEITZEL, 10 CAROL ST., BALTIMORE, M. D.





**CARLTON, N. B.**—Jesus lives to help. We came determined for victory and feel sure of it. One soul Sunday night, Praise God! The people have been exceedingly kind to us. Held two open-air meetings at Bay Shore. Good crowds. Sold 40 War Cry. We mean to do our level best for God and souls.—G. M. Allen, Captain, L. Selig, L. Dunn, Lieutenants.

#### Embarking for Glory.

**HESPELER.**—Since last report we have been marching on to victory. Last night there was a break in the devil's ranks, when seven young men embarked on the Salvation boat. To God we give all the glory.—W. H., for Captain Barker.

**LISTOWELL.**—We are still forging ahead. Yesterday, a good day to our souls. Soldiers all on fire. Monday and Tuesday big days, having the D. O. and the officers of the District in Tuesday night. Ten Virgins meeting. Expect a good time.

#### He Couldn't Contain Himself.

**INGERSOLL.**—Staff-Captain Phillips led a splendid week-end fight in our midst. Meeting in Park, good crowd, Christians and soldiers rejoicing together. One dear old Methodist had a word four or five times—couldn't hold the glory. Staff met L. O. and had a meeting, winding up with a very harangue re H. F., just enough to whet our appetites. We eagerly wait to target figures. Captain Blevins wife and family had to get away to bury the dead. Victory is on our side.—H. Freeman.

**ST. THOMAS.**—Mrs. Staff-Captain Phillips with us for week-end. Good crowd at open-air and one soul in the Fountain. Captain Payton and myself had to get away to bury the dead. Victory is on our side.—H. Freeman.

**SUBURBY.**—I saw the Army move into a better barracks, hold an ice cream social and musical salvation meeting bringing a full house, preach Christ to a larger attendance of ladies than has ever been known here before, rescue a backslider. Hallelujah!—Yours watching and praying, Trickey, J. S. M.

#### A Warm Tribute.

**NEW WHITCOMB.**—And finally brethren, farewell! So read the text of Adjutant Barr's last sermon in New Whitcomb, and soon the last good-bye was said, and Adjutant and Mrs. Barr were off for New Westminster. Sorry to part with them? Indeed we were; for in the seven months they have been with us they have endeared themselves to the hearts of all who knew them. Seven months ago Adjutant Barr brought his bride to New Whitcomb, and for seven months they have lived among us Godly holy lives that have been a blessing and inspiration to all who are trying to be good. Their honeymoon has not been merely one of ease and comfort, but there has been much hard work, much earnest prayer and thought and desperate fighting. Sometimes the outlook has been very gloomy and discouraging, but God has blessed them and given them victory. Ah, there is so much that might be written, but some will know how to read the hearts of all who knew them. Someone who knows all about it, and who has promised not to forget "your work and labor of love." The day we said good-bye to Adjutant and Mrs. Barr, we said "how-do-you-do" to Captain and Mrs. Brown and their little family. Already we feel that God is with them, and that He is going to bless them and make them a blessing to others.—Ella Atkins, Corps Cor.

**ST. JOHN'S I, Nfld.**—Sunday Captain Cobb farewelled and we had the joy of seeing two at the cross for pardon. Wednesday night three more sought and found Jesus. Thursday night the ladies from one of Her Majesty's warships led the meeting. We are on the victory march with faith in God's A. Boggs, Ensign, R. Sainsbury, Lieutenant.

#### Musically Connected.

**VICTORIA, B. C.**—Still booming along doing our best. Victoria is a great place for outside attractions—theatre, concerts, socials, almost every night, not to speak of churches. It is a place where work is very hard. Sunday afternoon a dedication of the little son of Brother and Sister Bent.

God bless the baby. It ought to be a bright, musical Salvationist. Its father is bandmaster, its mother was a bandswoman, it has an uncle and aunt in the band, another uncle drummer, its grandfather is our Color-Sergeant—in all, it has nine relations in the Victoria corps. Keep believing. It may be a bandsman some day.—M. L.

#### She Went Through the Floor.

**RAY ROBERTS.**—Glory to God we are moving on, although most of our comrades are gone away to their summer duties, still the chariot rolls on. We had a visit from Ensign Kenway this week. Also Lieutenant Higdon, late of Harbor Grace, has come to lend a helping hand good time on Thursday at the outpost. One old lady danced so much that she went through the floor, but received no injury. Go it again, mother.—A. G. Brown, Captain.

**SOCIAL FORM.**—We had Brigadier Complin and a good time on Sunday.—Chas. C. Goodin.

**OSHAWA.**—The census is working, but we will wait and Christ shall win. Increase our courage, Lord. Good attendance Sunday night, although the weather was warm.—Eunice.

**OTTAWA.**—New officers are now in charge. Adjutant Goodwin and Captain Van der Vliet arrived on Friday. Sunday a blessed day. God's Spirit was felt, people interested, and four souls

**DESERONTO.**—Good week-end in spite of hot weather. Praise God! Two precious souls in the Fountain, one of them was never saved before. Converts are getting along well and are working hard for souls. We are bound to win.—Amy Chappell, Capt., Lottie Dora, Lieut.

**TWEED.**—Praise God for victory! We had a visit from Adjutant and Mrs. McAmmond and Kingston Brass Band. Their music was much appreciated by all. On Sunday last Lieutenant Butcher farewelled. At the farewell meeting two little girls (Juniors) volunteered for the service of Jesus.—Yours in the fight, Mrs. Robinson, for Capt. Nyland.

#### Jesus Went to Sea with Him.

**MONTREAL I.**—The new officers have arrived in camp. They are Adjutant and Mrs. Burditt and Captain Liddell. We had a welcome meeting on Thursday night, and we are looking forward to a good time, and pray that God will nuke them a blessing to everyone during their stay here. On Sunday we had Brigadier Bennett with us and wound up at night with three souls at the pentent form. Tuesday night a brother who was saved six weeks ago testified that he was well saved. He is a sailor and has been away on a voyage since that time. He says God went with him.—C. Harding R. C.

**CLARK'S HARBOR, N. S.**—Good meetings this week. Captain Fleming with us for a few days. Sunday, meetings led by the Captain. We are believing for a

**REGINA, Assn.**—Ensign Cummins, G. B. M. Provincial Agent, was with us for three nights. Good times, considering the counter attractions and the very hot weather. The lantern service, "Little Jamie," was appreciated by all. On Sunday after a hard fight we finished with two souls at the Saviour's feet. Praise God. We are believing that God will give us the victory.—G. S. G., R. C.

#### Scouting in the Enemy's Country.

**MINNEBODA, MAN.**—War in Minnesota and the surrounding country! Last week I was sent by Captain to scout the country. So after travelling twelve miles I came upon a Salvation Army post, where I went in and took provisions both for body and soul, then accompanied by a comrade we started out to visit, in visiting all whom we came in contact with to come up to Edward Sherrie's, our chosen battle ground. Engagement started with song led, "Nothing has this world for me." Meeting went on. God was present. His Spirit felt in mighty power. Result: Four precious souls prisoners, that is to say knelt at the Mercy Seat and asked God for pardon for past transgressions. They all rose and testified that God had saved them. Three of them asked if they could become soldiers. May God keep them true.—Yours to fight for God and right, Lieut. Anderson.

**VALLEY CITY, N. D.**—Is anything too hard for the Lord? Sunday one captive taken by Jesus and Wednesday four more had their fetters snapped. Others in bondage. Feel the chains galling. All glory to God.—C. Campbell, Capt., J. S. Plawa, Lieut.

**HALIFAX I.**—We are having good meetings. On Thursday night one soul, and on Sunday night three souls. May the Lord bless them and keep them true and faithful, is our prayer.—Treasurer Casbin.

#### Don't Forget to Count the Children.

**CALGARY.**—One backslider Sunday night found her way to the pentent form, and we must expect good reason of conversation among the Juniors, which were overlooked last week.—Yours in Jesus, Mrs. McNelly, R. C.

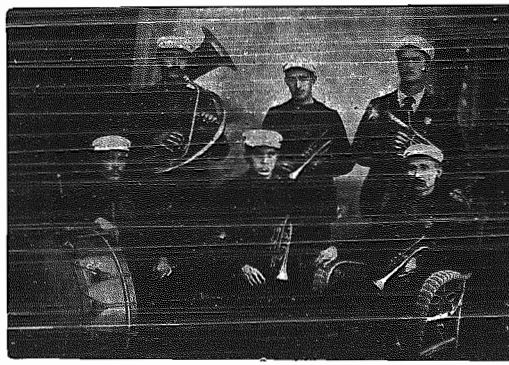
**EDMONTON.**—We are having glorious times away up here by ourselves. God is giving us victory in every way. We are getting along nicely. Have got the Seniors interested and started a Bible Class for them. Keep on believing for some great things from this Northern climate.—Sergeant M. McLeod.

**FARGO, N. D.**—We praise God for one soul this week. Are having blessed times, though our crowds are small. We are as fighting on and believing for victory.—Matthew H. Stables, R. C.

**DEVIL'S LAKE.**—Hallelujah! One Soul in the Fountain Sunday! Others are deeply convicted. Large crowds and good collections every night. Christian friends interested in our meetings. Praise God!—Maudie Wick, Cadet, for Capt. Green.

**JAMESTOWN, N. D.**—Adjutant MacNauden, M. R. Right hand supporter, has arrived to lead our troops. The Adjutant isn't altogether a stranger. Some time ago she visited this city and gave us a most interesting report. When she came up and gave her a royal welcome back. In spite of the intense heat our indoor attendance is very good. Some great things from the devil's den. The Adjutant spoke about the devil's den of Sodom and Gomorrah, and while no visible results were seen, yet God's presence was felt. A clear heart and win.—Yours in the fight, Triflor.

**WINNIPEG.**—We have been having victorious times during the past week. We had special meetings conducted by the Seniors, Captain Triflor, Captain Gage, with the Life Guards Band. During the week a few precious souls sought and found pardon through the Blood of Jesus. On Friday evening a number came seeking for the blessing of a clear heart. Praise God for complete victory! In the previous meetings and good crowds inside. The week has been very warm but God has been with us. During the week we have been having for still greater victories.—Yours for souls, Cadet Russell, for Staff Captain Galt.



#### BRANDON QUINTETTE.

(Our comrades forgot to put the S. A. Band on their caps before they had their photo taken.)

came to seek pardon. Captain Norman, of Pembroke was present. On previous Sunday Captain Hall, of the Rescue Home, who has been here some time, farewelled.—Yours, A. French.

**AINPRIOR.**—Captain Stanforth and Lieutenant Randall are our present leaders. Though the weather is very warm we have good weather, both inside and out. We have not had anyone away lately, but the good seed is being faithfully sown and we are believing for a break soon.—Yours in the war, Maggie Campbell, Reg. Cor.

**MILLBROOK.**—Since last report we are glad to say that another precious soul sought and found salvation. Hallelujah! God has been very good to us and we are going in for still greater things.—Yours to fight on, C. T. Magee, Captain.

**NAPANEE.**—The devil is raging, but God is on our side and we are having victory. One soul Friday night and another Saturday night. Hallelujah!—Maud McFarlane, Lieutenant.

**QUEBEC.**—We have had a visit from Brigadier Bennett, which was a great blessing to us all. We had a social on Monday night which turned out very successful. One more soul has professed salvation, and so in spite of the hot weather we are advancing.—Jos. Parker, Ensign.

real revival here soon. God is with us. Victory is sure. Hallelujah! — Yours fighting for God, W. Jones, R. C.

**GANANQUE.**—We had a visit from Mrs. Wood, of India. She gave us a lecture on the work in India, which was very interesting. God bless her.—C. A. Dickson, R. C.

**ANNAPOLIS, N. S.**—After over eight months of most successful work, Captain Traflet and Lieutenant Laws have said good-bye. We welcome to our midst Captain Fanny Clark and Lieutenant Miller, praying that God will use them to lead on the work for God in our town. Believing for glorious victories in the future.—M. R., Reg. Cor.

**WINDSOR, N. S.**—Hallelujah! The devil has been defeated. Sunday night four souls won for the Master. Ensign Graham, our late D. O., with us for two nights. Captain Traflet has arrived to help on the war. Believing for greater victory.—H. W., Reg. Cor.

**KEEWATIN.**—Good meetings on Sunday. One backslider returned to the fold. Praise God! The people stayed to the prayer meeting. Something they never did before. We trust they will get saved before long. We have Captain McNett—Yours under the Flag, J. S. S.-M. Mrs. Clash.

# UNDAUNTED STILL!

Two Hundred and Ninety Hustlers Save the Keat-Bennett Breasts the Tape, Well Aboard—Bargrave Second—Minnie Third.

## EAST ONTARIO.

Hustlers, 51. —	—Sales, 2,385.
Sergt. Dudday, Ottawa (av. 2 wks)	200
Capt. Wilson, St. Albans	120
Lieut. Latimer, Brockville	135
Capt. McNamara, Port Hope (av. 2 wks)	124
Sergt. Perkins, Barre, Vt.	110
Capt. McIntyre, Gananoque	85
Lieut. Luck, Montreal	80
Lieut. McParlane, Nanaimo	80
Capt. French, Peterboro	70
Mrs. Adj. Blackburn, Pictou	62
Adj. Bradley, Cornwall	62
Mrs. Fulford, Algonquin	60
Lieut. Ernest Owen, Kempsville	65
Bro. Rogers, Montreal I.	48
Capt. Connors, Port Hope	40
Lieut. Crego, St. Albans	40
Mrs. Chas. Hornback, Cobourg	40
Capt. Chappell, Deseronto	35
Capt. Vance, Ottawa	35
Mrs. Adj. Bradley, Cornwall	35
Sergt. Mattice, Cornwall	35
Lieut. Dorn, Deseronto	35
Lieut. Chas. Dora, Cobourg	32
Sister Hamilton, Ottawa	32
Sister Yake, Ottawa	32
Capt. Williams, Port Hope	32
Bro. Chas. Hersey, Barre	32
Mother Lewis, Montreal I.	30
Sister Chillingworth, Montreal	30
Mrs. Smith, Peterboro	30
Sister Crozier, Montreal I.	30
Capt. Liddell, Montreal I.	30
Sister Riches, Montreal I.	30
Capt. Kendall, Cobourg	30
Sister Libby Orser, Pictou	25
Sergt. Mary White, Brockville	25
Ida Fulford, Algonquin	25
Sister Ada Hayes, Nanaimo	25
Mrs. Lewis, Nanaimo	25
Caud. Hoole, Montreal I.	25
Sister Wright, Peterboro	25
Ida Burrows, Brockville	21
Sister McKenna, Montreal I.	20
Mrs. Sturmeys, Pictou	20
Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro	20
Capt. Crego, Sanbury (av. 2 wks)	19
Mrs. Comstock, Peterboro	15
Mrs. Hubble, Peterboro	15
Sister Lydia Phelps, Pictou	15
Mrs. Juby, Pictou	15

## CENTRAL ONTARIO.

### Southern Section.

Hustlers, 33. —	—Sales, 1,267.
Sister Correll, Temple	125
Sister Medlock, Temple	70
Lieut. Wadsworth, Riverside	60
Bro. Young, Temple	60
Sister Pearce, Temple	57
Capt. J. E. Stollker, Riverside	45
Mrs. Capt. Jones, Brimington	45
Sister Major Bowers, Lisgar	45
Ensign Savage, St. Catharines	41
Capt. Jones, Brimington	37
Father Dixon, Temple	35
Sergt. Major Bowber, Lisgar	35
Capt. Brant, Dovercourt	35
Sergt. Mrs. Stevens, St. Catharines	34
Capt. Annie Stickells, Lisgar	32
Cadet Craik, Lippincott	32
Cadet Horwood, Lippincott	27
Adj. Wiggins, Lisgar	20
Mrs. Davey, Eglinton	20
Sister Price, Dovercourt	20
Cadet Cumber, Temple	20
Cadet Cook, Lippincott	20
Cadet Crawford, Lippincott	17
Mrs. Moore, Eglinton	15
Lieut. Peacock, Yorkville	15
Sister McQuillan, Temple	15
Sister Harvey, Temple	15
Sister Garvey, Temple	15

## CENTRAL ONTARIO.

### Northern Section.

Hustlers, 33. —	—Sales, 1,215.
Lieut. Dales, Newmarket	75
Sister Ida Peacock, Barrie	65
Ensign N. E. Smith, Owen	65
Lieut. Kivell, Owen Sound (av. 2 wks)	60
Lieut. Capper, Barrie	51
Lieut. Osler, Aurora	50
Lieut. Russell, Collingwood (av. 2 wks)	50
Capt. McCann, North Bay	45
Capt. Clark, Collingwood (av. 2 wks)	45
Capt. Charlton, Port Sound	40
Lieut. Kitchener, Sudbury	40
Lieut. Mainland, North Bay	37
Lieut. Marshall, Omemee (av. 2 wks)	37
Capt. O'Neill, Huntsville	35
Bro. Gilbert, Bracebridge	35
Capt. Mitchell, Chesley	35
Lieut. Paxton, Orangeville	25
Capt. Creamer, Midland	25

Mrs. Ensign Atwell, Orillia	25
Capt. Nelson, Omemee	25
Lieut. Fell, Stroud	25
Capt. Culbert, Uxbridge (av. 2 wks)	25
Lieut. Fisher, Uxbridge (av. 2 wks)	25
S.-M. Mazur, Fenelon Falls	25
Sister Rosy Gomer, Newmarket	25
Capt. McDougall, Orillia	24
Mrs. Howard, Collingwood (av. 2 wks)	25
Capt. Darrack, Ahmic Harbor	25
Sergt. Jos. Grey, Midland	22
Capt. Glass, Parry Sound	20
W. C. Bergt, Welch, Fenelon Falls	20
Sister Courtmanche, Norland	20
Adj. Moore, Bracebridge	20
Sister Mrs. Langrange, Huntsville	15
Sister Nora E. Lery, Fenelon Falls	15
Bro. Archie Bowins, Cobocank	15
Capt. Whemman, Faversham	15
Lieut. Bloss, Faversham	15

## WEST ONTARIO.

Hustlers, 37. —	—Sales, 1,550.
Capt. Holman, London	250
Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock	210
Adj. Coombs, London	100
Lieut. Burrows, Sarnia	70
Capt. Mathers, Sarnia	65
Lieut. Hocking, Goderich	65
Lieut. Mumford, Pelee	65
S.-M. Mrs. Rock, Chatham	65
Sergt. McDougall, Goderich	61
Sister Gertrude Yeomans, Chatham	60
Ensign Ottaway, Petrolia	60
Mrs. Martin, St. Thomas	57
Capt. Huntington, Strathroy	56
Cadet Hart, Wingham (av. 2 wks)	54
Ensign Wright, Ingersoll	50
Capt. Coe, Petrolia	45
Sergt. Dots, London	44

Capt. Campbell, Kentville	25
Capt. G. P. Thompson, Halifax I.	25
Capt. Lorimer, Liverpool	25
Mrs. H. B. Salomon, Halifax I.	21
Sister Blanche Ferguson, Halifax I.	20
Sister Carrie Conrad, Halifax I.	20
Sergt. McLeod, Woodstock	20
Bro. Seymour, Liverpool	20
Sergt. Vandine, Woodstock	20
Mrs. Roberts, Port Elgin	20
Sister Rose Wrigley, Halifax I.	18
Sister Maggie Graham, Halifax I.	15
Sergt. Eliza Kent, Bear River	15
Lieut. Annie Melvor, Sumas	15

## NORTH-WEST.

Hustlers, 12. —	—Sales, 295.
Lieut. Brander, Grafton (av. 2 wks)	67
Sergt. McLeod, Edmonton	50
Lieut. Anderson, Minnedosa	44
Sergt. Major Brander, Larimore (av. 2 wks)	44
Caud. Minnie Hoepfner, Valley City (av. 2 wks)	30
Capt. Ferguson, Edmonton	27
Caud. McRea, Minnedosa	18
Sarah Grawall, Valley City	24
Capt. Campbell, Valley City	24
J. S. Sergt. Major Walker, Valley City	20
Lieut. Flaws, Valley City	17

## PACIFIC PROVINCE.

Hustlers, 6. —	—Sales, 430.
Mrs. Lewis, Victoria	115
Mrs. Adj. Ayre, Victoria	100
Lieut. Walrath, Billings	70
Capt. Bowers, Billings	65
Lieut. Noble, Kaslo	62
Capt. Quant, Kaslo	58

## The Topic of the Week.

While Bennett has certainly done valiantly with his unrelenting hustlers this week, and Hargrave has done well in securing second place, yet unquestionably the most striking feature of this week's



ADJUTANT HENDRIKS AND GRAY BELIEVE OF WHITSON, N.S.

Lieut. Copman, Clinton	42
Sergt. F. Hodgson, Strathroy	38
Lieut. Baird, Listowel	35
Lieut. Gatzke, Simcoe (av. 3 wks)	32
Mrs. Gilmore, Simcoe (av. 3 wks)	32
Sister Mary Fritchley, Listowel	30
Lieut. Paris, Chatham	27
Sister Annie Hampton, St. Thomas	27
Mother Goodchild, St. Thomas	25
Sergt. Palmer, London	25
Capt. Howcroft, Goderich	25
W. C. S.-M. Flora Cook, Clinton	24
Sister Grace Craft, Chatham	21
Bro. Curry, Petrolia	20
Lieut. Gray, Houlton	20
Capt. Young, Chatham	16
Sister Annie Thompson, Sarnia	15
Sergt. Harris, Tandon	15
Mrs. Hocking, St. Thomas	15

## EASTERN PROVINCE.

Hustlers, 34. —	—Sales, 1,500.
Capt. Horwood, Charlottetown	215
Sergt. Veno, Halifax I.	104
Ensign Armstrong, St. John I.	100
J. S. Sergt. Chas. Waughan, Charlottetown	92
Mrs. Adj. McMillan, Halifax I.	70
Capt. Gray, Houlton	70
Sister Annie Ramey, Bridgetown (av. 2 wks)	70
Capt. Wilson, Sydney Mines	70
Lieut. Green, St. John I.	60
Lieut. Muttiar, Woodstock	60
Lieut. Hudson, Chatham	60
Capt. Annie Hutt, Sussex	60
Lieut. Gray, Houlton	60
Bro. Geo. Wambolt, Halifax	40
Lieut. Selig, Carleton (av. 2 wks)	35
Capt. Jennings, Chatham	35
Lieut. Green, St. John I.	35
Capt. J. W. Clark, St. John I.	30
Mother England, Chatham	26
Lieut. Dunn, Carleton	26
Lieut. Held, Kentville	26

facts and figures is the position secured by Minnie, of the Northern Section.

For weeks and months past that hardy son of Scotia has had to content himself with but a low place on our list of Provincial hustlers. True, last week he captured the notice of his desperate intentions, but to tell the truth (as F. P. always endeavors to do) the notice was scarce taken seriously.

But it has really come to pass, he really meant business, even down to the ice cream soda, and this week it is an accomplished fact. It took him a long time to move, but move he will at last.

## THE COCK OF THE NORTH.

"Men of the Gordons, your General says that ridge must be taken. The Gordon Highlanders will take it." A cheer—a wild shriek of the pipes—a dash—and Brigadier is whistled.

Bring out the pipes again, blow hold Findlater. Stay—wait a moment while I get another bundle of Crys! Now then, the "Cock of the North," or the "Hill of the South," anything you like while I? Where am I? Where am I at? Surely this can't be Dargal? Ah, no! It's the old desk after all and I'm still F. P. (F. P.'s patriotic spark is snuffed out).

But our hero is leaving this battlefield and the forces of the Northern and Southern Sections will unite again. My, what will Bennett and Southall do then? A new name will soon grace our hustlers' columns, that of Brigadier Gaskin, of the Central Province. Let F. P. just give his old friends a quiet "tip." Once

A. G. gets firmly into the saddle, you will need to get all you can, and hold it you get. Forewarned is forearmed.

We are glad to produce the photo of Adjutant Hendriks and her hustling brigade, of Windsor, N. S. It would have been nice to have had the names of our comrades forming the brigade, and also an experience or two from them on the line. But don't forget—there—we are thankful for small mercies.

Cay, Captain, have you a Cry brigade at your corps? Are they as good-looking as those of Adjutant H's? Send of them along and we will produce them, and our readers shall judge.

WANTED! WANTED! WANTED! EXPERIENCES.

EXPERIENCES. EXPERIENCES.

Anything interesting that has occurred, or may occur, during your Cry selling, writing, or out, or tell them to some one who will write, and then forward same to Fountain Pen, Editorial Office, Albert St., Toronto.

Our new Editor-in-Chief is planning some new departures along the line of encouraging our hustlers. Keep your Cry, and don't give away. Keep believing, the sixteen-pager is a coming. There's to be a big Cry boom, and prizes for the conquerors. ALL WILL HAVE A CHANCE. So get ready. Don't forget YOUR PHOTO and your experience. Send them along to

Yours affectionately,

FOUNTAIN PEN.

**MISSING.**

To Parents, Relations and Friends:-

We will search for missing or runaway relatives in any part of the globe; be children, or assist, if possible, wronged women or widows, or any person in difficulty. Address COMMISSIONER E. V. B. B. 1011, St. Albert St., Toronto, Canada, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope. If possible, send fifty cents to defray a part of the expense.

We will be glad if our Officers, Soldiers and Friends will look through the Missing Columns regularly, and if they see any names which they could help us with, we would be pleased if they would do so.

## First Insertion.

361. EMERICK, W. Age 45 years, height 5 ft. 6 in., dark hair, dark hazel eyes, brown mustache, blue nose, part of one ear gone, nice build, good talker, sells on street corners. Supposed to be in Ohio, U. S. A. A friend enquires.

362. MRS. LUCY CANHAM (nee Darnell). Went away from Hamilton, Ont., 12 or 14 years ago. Never heard from since. All her brothers and sisters have died since she went away. Her mother, Mrs. Darnell, enquires. U. S. A. Cry please copy.

## Second Insertion.

363. WILLIAMS, THOS. From the Parish of Cradley, Herefordshire, England. Son of Nathaniel and Hannah Williams. Age 45 or 46. It will be to his advantage to make his "theatricals" known to Commissioner Dargal, S. A. Temple, Toronto.

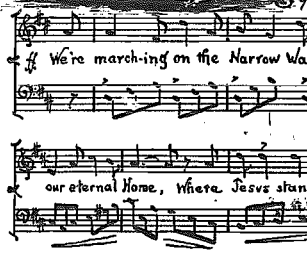
364. PARR, THOMAS. Was last seen by any of his friends in Toronto, November, 1890, shortly after getting his discharge from the army. Arthur S. Gillingham, of the "Loyal N. A. He is tall, light complexion, hair and eyes. Would be about 42 years old now. We have news for him.

365. Missing, a man, six feet tall, broad shoulders, stooped a little, walks with a cane, white hair cut close, a dent under a right eye, about 60 years old. Wears a black suit, felt hat. Last seen in Vermont, U. S. A. United States Cry please copy. In answering this ad, please give number 365.

366. SIMMONS, JOHN. Who left Ballinacorney, England, some 25 or 26 years ago. Please communicate with Mr. J. J. Collins, Victoria Road, Norblinton, Kingston, Surrey, England. He will hear of something in his advantage, or if any one can produce a certificate of his death will be rewarded for their trouble.

367. BOWERY, GEORGE. Came to Toronto from England some years ago. The last his name heard of him he was in the "Lancet" Aylem. We would very much like his present address.

368. CHAPMAN, RICHARD. Medium height, rather stout, fair complexion, age about 28 years. Last seen at about 1897, at Bowden, Alta., N.W.T.





### Make Me Clean.

Tune.—Chorus for me.  
 1 Jesus, my Saviour, I'm coming to Thee,  
 Lord, make me clean!  
 Weakness and failure in Thy light I see,  
 Lord, make me clean!  
 Calvary's Fountain be open and wide,  
 Gushing, dear Saviour, from Thy wound-  
 ed side,  
 By faith I plunge in its soul-cleansing  
 tide,  
 Lord, make me clean!

Filled with Thy love and made strong  
 by Thy grace,  
 I shall go through!  
 The cross with its sorrows I gladly em-  
 brace,  
 I shall go through!  
 Bearing the palm of a conqueror here,  
 Fighting the fight with Thy Jesus so near,  
 Onward I hasten my comrades to cheer,  
 I shall go through!

Filled with compassion, the lost I shall  
 win,  
 Souls shall be saved!  
 Hearing kind tidings salvation from sin,  
 Some shall be saved!  
 Jesus, my Saviour, let Thy Spirit bless,  
 Restless I rush to the battle for this,  
 Fused with Thy love and Thy righteous-  
 ness,  
 Souls shall be saved!

### Fight Everywhere.

Tune.—The realm of the blast (B.J. 22, 1).  
 2 Who'll fight for the Lord every-  
 where,  
 Till we march by the river of light,  
 Where the Lamb leads His hosts free  
 from cure,  
 All robed in their garments of white?  
 Chorus.

Everywhere: who'll fight for the Lord  
 everywhere?

Oh, think of the floods everywhere,  
 Who on man's ruined nature have trod,  
 Of the curses that breathe on the air,  
 From penitents wandering far from their  
 God.

Oh, Saviour, lead me everywhere,  
 Till each sin-burdened soul knows Thy  
 rest,  
 Till the prey from the mighty we tear,  
 And our country with Thy peace is  
 blest.

I'll fight for the Lord everywhere,  
 For the terrible need I can see,  
 Many dying in sin everywhere,  
 My Jesus alone can set free.

### Well Done!

Tune. Sweet rest in heaven (B.J. 270).  
 3 Cheer, comrades, cheer, we're win-  
 ning.

The fight will not last long:  
 With Jesus is our Captain.  
 He leads the fighting throng,  
 We're hearing death's deep river,  
 But shall soon reach o'er,  
 We'll then shout "Hallelujah!"  
 On happy Canaan's shore.

### Chorus.

The "Well done!" is given,  
 The "Well done!" is given,  
 To the soldiers brave  
 Who do others save  
 The "Well done!" shall be given.

Though prisons are before us,  
 And fiery trials come,  
 Inducting hardships bravely,  
 We'll say, "They will be done!"  
 On earth we've toils and tempests,  
 But there, forever blessed,  
 We'll enter shining portals  
 And take eternal rest.

Our joys will last forever,  
 The music never give o'er,  
 The angels shout their welcome  
 The faithful to that shore,  
 We'll louder sing than ever,  
 As at His feet we fall:  
 We'll cast our crowns before Him  
 And crown Him Lord of all.

Colonel Lawley.

### O Lord, I Come!

Tune.—Stella B.J. 25, 3; Easton (B.J.  
 167); Monmouth (B.J. 222); Sover-  
 eignty (B.J. 229).

4 O Lord, I bring myself to Thee,  
 I cannot, would not, be my own;  
 Take Thou my heart, my life, my all,  
 That I may live for Thee alone.  
 Oh, sanctify while at Thy throne,  
 Accept and seal me for Thine own.

Lord, purify my every thought,  
 And let my will be one with Thine;  
 Illuminate my soul with love  
 That through earth's deepening gloom  
 may shine.

Oh, sanctify while at Thy throne,  
 Accept and seal me for Thine own.

Oh, may my every action prove  
 That I, my Lord, with Thee am one!

And may I ever, ever say,  
 "Thy will, not mine, in me be done."  
 Oh, sanctify while at Thy throne,  
 Accept and seal me for Thine own.

### Delays are Dangerous.

Tune.—Why not to-night (B.J. 131. S.M.,  
 1. 226).

5 Oh, do not let the word depart,  
 Or close thine eyes against the  
 light;  
 Poor sinner, harden not thy heart,  
 Thou would'st be saved—why not to-  
 night?

To-morrow's sun may never rise  
 To bless thy long-deluded sight;  
 This is the time—oh, then, be wise!  
 Thou would'st be saved—why not to-  
 night?

Our God in pity lingers still,  
 And wilt thou thus His love requite?  
 Renounce at length thy stubborn will,  
 Thou would'st be saved—why not to-  
 night?

The world has nothing left to give,  
 It has no new, no pure delight;  
 Oh, try the life which Christiansa live;  
 Thou would'st be saved—why not to-  
 night?

Our blessed Lord refuses none  
 Who would to Him their souls unite;  
 Then be the work of grace begun;  
 Thou would'st be saved—why not to-  
 night?

### Jesus Calls Thee Home.

Tune.—Calling for the wanderer home  
 (B.J. 32. F.B. 33).

6 Jesus stands and knocks and pleads,  
 Calling for the wanderer home;  
 And for sinners intercedes,  
 Calling for the wanderers home.

Chorus.  
 Boundless love beyond degree,  
 Calling for the wanderer home;  
 Jesus longs to set you free,  
 Calling for the wanderer home.

As a lamb to slaughter led,  
 Calling for the wanderer home;  
 On the cross His blood was shed,  
 Calling for the wanderer home.

He has often called before,  
 Calling for the wanderer home;  
 Now He's waiting at the door,  
 Calling for the wanderer home.

Come, oh, come, while yet He stands,  
 Calling for the wanderer home;  
 While in love He spreads His hands,  
 Calling for the wanderer home.

Soon His mercy will be o'er,  
 Calling for the wanderer home;  
 Thou shalt hear His voice no more,  
 Calling for the wanderer home.

### CHORUSES FOR TESTIMONY MEETINGS.

(Key of G.)  
 I'm on my journey up Zion's hill,  
 All the way long it is Jesus!  
 The way grows brighter and brighter  
 still,  
 All the way long it is Jesus!

Down where the living waters flow,  
 Down where the tree of life doth grow,  
 I'm living in the light, for God and souls  
 I fight,  
 Down where the living waters flow.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first  
 saw the light,  
 And the burden of my heart rolled  
 away;  
 It was there, by faith, I received my  
 sight,  
 And now I'm happy all the day.

Victory for me through the blood of  
 Christ my Saviour,  
 Victory for me through the precious  
 blood;  
 No retreating, hell defeating,  
 Shoulder to shoulder we stand,  
 God look down with glory crown  
 Our conquering band.

Jesus came with peace to me,  
 His strong arm was stretched to me,  
 And my burden took from me,  
 My Saviour.  
 In the cross, in the cross,  
 I will glory ever,  
 Till the last of every land  
 Find the cleansing river.

I am going to wear a crown,  
 To wear a starry crown;  
 Away over Jordan with my blessed Jesus,  
 Away over Jordan to wear a starry  
 crown.  
 Gone is my burden, He's rolled it away,  
 Opened my eyes to the light of the day,  
 Now in the fullness of joy I can say,  
 I'm happy, oh, happy in Jesus.

Happy on the way, happy on the way,  
 Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

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